Northern Messenger

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W M Power 1907

Cannibalism Among the Gods.

(The Rev. W. R. James of Jessore, in the 'Baptist Missionary Herald.')

I send you a picture of the Goddess Kali. The idol was placed by the side of the road leading from the Government offices to the Mission House at Madaripore. She is represented here as standing on the body of Shib, her husband. This, it is said, she did at first

THE GODDESS KALI—A SHRINE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

(From a Photograph.)

in ignorance, but when she discovered what she was doing, in horror she put out her long tongue, which is always very red, for she is supposed to be very fond of human blood. For some reason her tongue is not in the above representation. Around the neck she has a string of human skulls.

These idols are often made of mud or clay, and sometimes decorated very beautifully with tinsel. An idol similar to the one represented here was made a few years ago by a Hindu resident of Serampore. But instead of clay, he used some edible material in the making. Soon after the idol was consecrated a cow happened to come on the scene, and this time the sacred animal behaved anything but devoutly at the shrine. Finding that the god was good for food, she all but completely devoured it. Before she had quite finished her meal the owner of the shrine came out, and, to his great horror, discovered that the sacrilegious creature had nearly eaten every particle of his god. At the sight the foolish man was thrown into an hysterical fit. This I heard from our brother Bhogoboti Charan Ghose, of Serampore. The Hindu began to call the cow by all manner of names, ejaculating all the time, 'Oh, the villain! Oh, wicked creature! That animal will die now. Yes, that cow will assuredly die. She will now drop down dead.' The owner of the greedy and irreverent cow was not far away, and began to interrogate the imprecator as to what had happened. On being told that the bovine transgressor had demolished an idol, the owner of the cow betook himself to pacifying his infuriated neighbor. 'Don't be angry,' said he, 'the dumb animal did not know better. Why should you be angry? Poor thing, she couldn't help it.'

This was neither the first nor the last time for the cow to make her importance felt in India. There is not a more important creature in all Hindustan than the cow. Hinduism is very different in Bombay from what it is in Madras, and very different in Madras from what it is in the North-West Provinces, and very different in the North-West from what it is in Bengal; but over all India it means honor the Brahmin and worship the cow. This animal is sacred everywhere, and a cow eating a god was a kind of cannibalism. The Mohammedans, on the other hand, kill the cow, and Mohammedan butchers sometimes slaughter the animal right in front of Hindu temples. It is often said that they do this out of sheer spite, but my impression is that it is oftener done out of hatred of Idolatry. Whatever are the faults of Mohammedanism, it is admitted on all hands that it has a healthy disgust of idolatry in all its forms and aspects. Downright dislike of idolatry seems to run in the blood of all the descendants of Abraham, both in line of Isaac and that of Ishmael. But, be the cause what it may, the slaughter of the cow by Mohammedans has often convulsed whole cities in India, and the cow has often been the occasion of bloodshed and the calling out of troops to quell the disturbance. Europeans, too, kill the cow in India, but as the indifferent Gallo cares only for the meat, he is far more careful than the Mohammedan not to offend Hindu prejudices. Indeed, it is scarcely ever that Hindus are heard to complain against Europeans on the score of their treatment of the cow.

Prayer Meetings Out of Church.

How different everything seems when we attempt for the first time to have a religious meeting in unfamiliar surroundings—on a street, in a charitable institution, on a boat, in street-railway car-houses, in factories. We unconsciously drop some of the mannerisms that go with gaslight, and the musty atmosphere of the average prayer-meeting room, and talk more naturally. We avoid hackneyed phrases, and stick to the essential facts of our own religious experience, of which we are sure night and day, indoors and out. For some reasons there is no better place to have a young people's meeting than some such place in the midst of the busy hum of commerce. The number of meetings held by the Christian employees of large factories and business houses during a part of the noon hour once a week is increasing. We heard of such a meeting carried on by a Christian Endeavor Society of some fifteen members in a large electrical manufacturing company in Chicago, where 2,000 people are employed. This little band has a regular audience, once a week, of 175 or 200 workmen and women operatives, many of whom are not Christians; many of whom could never be persuaded to attend a church. Such opportunities are lying ready for hundreds of young Christians in every town and city, waiting to be improved.—Selected.

The Commercial Value of the Missionary.

We do not wish to claim for missionaries any additional consideration because they unintentionally foster a trade in Sheffield hardware and rubber tubing; they do not come out for that purpose. But it is possible without ever having seen a native chapel or having heard the sometimes curious rendering of Chinese hymns to well-known foreign tunes, to appreciate the value of the missionary as a commercial traveller, however unconscious he may be of his use in that respect.

It is easy—especially for those who have travelled somewhat in the interior—to follow him as he wanders from village to village, to see the usually good-tempered groups that surround him, and who, if he succeeds in gaining their attention for a while, will surely have their turn at questioning him when his little exhortation is over. Nothing strange escapes their notice. Nothing is too trivial to ask a question upon. His clothing, its color, texture, lasting power and cost; his hat; his boots; his watch; his pocket-knife; mayhap his spectacles, his handkerchief and the paper on which his Bible is printed. It is impossible to waste time in answering all these and the many other queries which a gossiping people love to ask, but in answering even a percentage of them the missionary is preparing the way for an influx of foreign goods by and by.—North China 'Herald.'

THE STARVING MILLIONS IN CHINA.

Ten Dollars Will Keep a Family Till the Next Crop is Harvested.

The sums cabled by the 'Witness' to the Famine Relief Committee in China amount to seven thousand dollars. There is still a week during which subscriptions will be gratefully received, but present arrangements are that the Fund will be closed by June 1, as the new crop will be harvested by the end of June, and it is hoped that it will be a bounteous one.

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CHINESE FAMINE FUND.

The amount acknowledged as coming from Isabel Stevenson, was sent by her on behalf of the Beechridge Sunday-school.

'The World is Dying.'

We say the world is dying—what for? Sermons? No. Periodicals? No. Religious stories? Oh, dear, no! There is no chance of a want of them for many a long year to come. Dying for disquisitions? No. For fine spun theories? No. For creeds and faiths? Oh, you might have them by the dozen. What is it dying for? Downright, straightforward, loving, honest, earnest testimony of what God can do for souls. That is what it wants. That is what these poor men and girls in the shops, those walking up and down Oxford street, in the theatres, in the dancing saloons, in the concert rooms—everywhere—that is what men and women want; somebody to come and take them lovingly by the arm and tell them that God is God, and that He can save them. 'He has saved me, my brother, my sister, and He can save you!' That is what the world wants. One word like that is better than a sermon, and it will do more for God and the salvation of the world.—Mrs. Booth.

LESSON.—SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 1907.

Israel's Escape From Egypt.

Ex. xiv., 13-27. Memory verses 13, 14. Read Ex. xiii., 1—xv., 21.

Golden Text.

Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians, and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore.—Ex. xiv., 30.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 10.—Ex. xii., 30-42.
Tuesday, June 11.—Ex. xiii., 17—xiv., 12.
Wednesday, June 12.—Ex. xiv., 13-31.
Thursday, June 13.—Ex. xv., 1-22.
Friday, June 14.—Ps. lxvi., 1-20.
Saturday, June 15.—Ps. cvi., 1-12.
Sunday, June 16.—Isa. xliii., 1-16.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did you ever have to wait for anything? Perhaps your father went away on a visit, and you could not run out to meet him until you saw him at the gate, or perhaps you were to go out for a drive, and the carriage had not come into sight yet, but whatever it was I am sure you have all had to wait for something. And you fidgeted about, didn't you? It did not seem at all as though you could keep still and just wait, did it? No; waiting is very hard. In our last Sunday's lesson we were studying about the Israelites, and had come to where they were eating a very strange and hurried meal, and were waiting for something. They hardly knew what was coming, but Moses had told them that this was the time when they were to go free after many bitter years of slavery. Can't you think how they felt? They were all ready dressed for a long journey, didn't even have time to sit down to this last meal, but had to eat it standing up, and everything was ready packed for them to start. Then the message came, and Pharaoh sent to tell them to hurry away. They didn't even have time to bake their bread, but carried it away with them in the form of dough. All around them were the Egyptians saying, 'Oh, do go! hurry up! Here, take this, you may find it useful, only go! We don't know what your God may do to us if you stay any longer. Do you want more money? Here is some. Perhaps you want to give your God some gifts; here are lovely jewels, only do hurry!' And so the people went; old men, and women, mothers and fathers carrying little children, other little girls and boys hurrying along after them—wouldn't you have liked to see them go? It will be very easy to describe the stop at the Red Sea, and the terror of the hurried frightened slaves when they saw the Egyptians coming after them. This lesson ought to be one of the most interesting of the series.

FOR THE SENIORS.

All the events in Israel's history are full of warning and advice for the guidance of God's people at all times. The bondage in Egypt has always been the symbol of man's slavery to sin, the opened way of the Red Sea the way to pardon through the opened fountain of Christ's blood, and the song of rejoicing of Moses after the deliverance, is joined with the song of Christ's redeemed in Heaven (Rev. xv., 3). God's guidance of Israel is typical of His guidance of His Church to-day, and just as surely as there was always a way opened in extremity for the one, there will be for the other if his people will only 'go forward.' God had proved to the Egyptians that He was Master of all elements, and again he must prove it to his doubting people. There is no word of rebuke because God understands the limitations of our humanity (Psa. ciii., 14). Moses' prayer to God was evidently urgent (verse 15), but his confidence showed no wavering (verse 13). The reckless haste of the Egyptians led them to follow the flying Hebrews under cover of night, little knowing evidently over what a strange path they were travelling until the difficulty of driving through the moist and heavy sand, and the returning daylight drove them on a wildly hurried return to the shore they had left. The motto of every man for himself, the struggling frightened horses, did their work, and the returning waters cut off a too tardy retreat. They had imagined it safe to go where the Hebrews had gone, but they went without God's presence. The professed follower of God often thinks it safe to travel the apparently easy way in which the world goes, but he forgets that he will then have to go without God's presence.

SELECTIONS.

Some time must have elapsed before Pharaoh would have pursued the Hebrews. 'The piety of the Egyptians to the dead was so great that the weightiest political affairs would necessarily be neglected while the king paid the last honors to his dead son. Besides, the families of the officers and soldiery had also been universally bereaved.'—Geikie.

But Pharaoh soon found time to repent of having let the Israelites go. 'The public works stood still for lack of labor. Vast territories were suddenly unoccupied. There was a sudden loss of revenue and service which he could ill dispense with.'—F. B. Meyer.

It was not long, therefore, before the Pharaoh's pride and sense of loss impelled him to start in pursuit of his slaves. 'Under Menephtah, the chariot force of the army had been more assiduously encouraged than under any other of the Pharaoh's.'—Geikie.

With 600 of his best chariots, and a large force of ordinary troops, the king started in hot haste. They proceeded 'in orderly march, with the confidence of trained armies moving against an unarmed and panic-stricken mob.'—March.

Verse 15.—Wherefore criest thou unto me? Can prayer ever be out of place? Not if we mean a prayerful dependent mental attitude toward God. But certainly, yes, if God has already revealed that for which we still importune Him, and we are secretly disquieted lest His promise should fail. It is misplaced if our duty is to be done, and we pass the golden moments in activity, however pious. Christ spoke of men who should leave their gift before the altar, unpresented, because of a neglected duty which should be discharged. —G. A. Chadwick.

There are moments when vast blessings are gained through our own exertions. Such, in Jewish history, was the conquest of Palestine by Joshua, the deliverances wrought by Gideon, by Samson, and by David. Such, in Christian history, were the revolutions effected by Clovis, by Charlemagne, by Alfred, by Joan of Arc, and by Luther. But there are moments of still higher interest when deliverance is brought about not by any human energy, but by causes beyond our own control. Such, in Christian history, are the raising of the siege of Leyden, and the overthrow of the Armada; and such, above all, was the passage of the Red Sea.'—Stanley.

If you see in your providential surroundings only the cloud and the darkness, then it is high time for you to understand that you are yourself upon the wrong side, and that instead of being numbered among the people of God, you are still lingering in the camp of His enemies, the Egyptians.—Jesse W. Brooks.

2. Often God's guidance brings Christians into positions of great difficulty, from which they see no escape. But 'such a position 'is a platform for the display of God's almighty grace and power.'—F. B. Meyer.

'When God leads us into danger, he will take us safely through it.'—W. M. Taylor.

Worship is no worship which does not lead to action.—Symonds.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Psa. lxxvii., 16-20; cvi., 7-12; xviii., 1-19; lxvi., 6; lxxviii., 13, 14; xciii., 3, 4; Isa. li., 10; xii., 2; Heb. x., 13; Phil. iii., 13, 14.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 16.—Topic—Who are slaves and who are free men? Rom. viii., 12-23. (A temperance topic).

Junior C. E. Topic.

PRAISE MEETING.

Monday, June 10.—David's psalm of praise. I. Chron. xvi., 28-34.

Tuesday, June 11.—A new song. Ps. cxlix., 1-6.

Wednesday, June 12.—Joyful service. Ps. c.

Thursday, June 13.—Thanks for God's mercies. Ps. cxviii., 1-4.

Friday, June 14.—A praise meeting in a prison. Acts xvi., 25.

Saturday, June 15.—The sacrifice of praise. Heb. xiii., 15, 16.

Sunday, June 16.—Topic—Isaiah's song of thanksgiving. Isa. xii., 1-6. (Praise meeting.)

Do It Well.

No one likes to do a thing that he can not do well. One reason why so many teachers find so little interest and pleasure in their work is that their teaching is of such an inferior quality that it appeals neither to them nor to their pupils. They do 'the same old thing, in the same old way,' so long that it becomes tiresome. If such teachers would subscribe to some of our Sunday school periodicals, read some of the recent inspiring books, take a course in Teacher Training, and attend a few institutes and conventions, they would soon find interest and enthusiasm developing in their own hearts and it would soon develop a like interest and enthusiasm in the hearts of the pupils. A dead teacher equals a dead class, and a live teacher equals a live class. A little fellow in the Sunday school distinguished between the quick and the dead thus: 'Them that gits out of the way of the auto car is quick, and them that don't is dead.' So the Sunday school teacher that doesn't get out of the way of the rapidly moving Sunday school car of progress 'is dead.'—Kentucky 'S. S. Reporter.'

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS and Christian Workers who know the 'Messenger,' believe it to be a powerful influence for good, and are glad to see it win an entrance into other schools. Just at this time, owing to new postal regulations, many Sunday-Schools will be making a change in their paper, and we would respectfully solicit the co-operation of our friends in introducing the 'Messenger' into many other Canadian Schools. A copy shown to a teacher in another Sunday-School, with a word as to its merits and its low price, would be doing a real service to the Sunday-School in question, and would be greatly appreciated by the publishers. Read our 'Special Offer to Sunday-Schools' on last page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

(CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.)

'Good mornin', Kitty,' said the old man, lifting the little lady into his arms that he might hug her as a lover should. 'Then you ain't been to the weddin' this mornin'. I should ha' thowt yo' couldn't ha' kept away. They say all women like a weddin, an' that means lahtle women as well as grown un's. The old man laughed heartily at his own humor, and Kitty archly replied:—

'No, I ain't been, gran'feyther, but you hev, ain't yo'? Why, you look as happy as if you'd gone an' been an' gotten married yourself,' said the merry little maiden. Still she kissed him as though she had a right to him for all that.

'What, me, my little sweetheart? Me go an' marry onybody but my lahtle lassie, an' be happy? Come, come Kitty, you can't think that! Hoo can yo' be sae cruel? Look you here, Miss Catherine Smart, I'd better tek' up my hat an'—'

'Hush, this minnit!' Then two little hands were closely pressed on the old man's mouth, and then two little lips were glued thereto instead; the dreadful injustice was condoned, and the course of true love did run smooth again.

'Ah let the chilther go te see t' weddin',' explained Kitty. 'Ah thowt it wad please 'em; an feyther tore his jersey yester, so Ah got a bit o' quiet tahme te mend it. But,' continued she, viewing the torn garment with a discontented eye, as she held it in her hands, 'Ah dizn't get on with it; it's o'kard soort o' stuff, yo' see.'

'Hey, that it is,' said the sympathetic Aaron, eyeing Kity's bungling attempt at repairs; 'but I'll tell yo' what, little woman, you've done your best, an' angels can dae nae mair then that. Just lap it up fo' me in a bit o' paper, an' I'll tek' it to Esther Harland. She'll put it to rights in a jiffey.'

Aaron was more than repaid by the grateful smile that lightened up the child's anxious face. Once again the long, white, silken hair was streaming in the breeze, as the devoted lover sped along the street on an errand of help and comfort for a little child—'one of these little ones'—of whom the Christ takes special note, and for whose sake the benedictions fall. Aaron's heart was attuned to the chiming of the bells, and the golden sunshine was over all.

Alas, alas, a bolt fell out of the blue; thunder boomed from a clear sky, and on the happy servant of this kind, a great, great sorrow fell. Later in the day he was again met by Lawyer Everett. He had just brought his purple features out of the doorway of the 'Griffin,' with an additional glow upon them, in honor, he said, of the wedding day. He greeted Aaron Brigham with a coarse and triumphant chuckle. The time had come for a tremendous retort to the old man's hint about the 'Griffin.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed he. 'What do you think of your pattern young man now? His young wife's got him into leading strings at once, like a sensible woman, and Walter Bardsley's teetotal fad is a burst bubble!'

'What do yo' mean, Everett?' said the old man. His heart beat fast, and he felt sick and faint.

'Mean? Why I mean that the wise and wilful Walter has pledged his father-in-law in champagne; has left the ranks of the cold water lunatics and snowed himself a man! Hasn't he, Dick?'

This question was addressed to Dick Bardsley, who had followed him out of the 'Griffin,' and who still wore the wedding favor pinned upon his coat.

'Hey, marry, Alice has done the trick for him. I hope to see him jolly well drunk within a month of Sundays. He's got the Bardsley drought on him; and I shall never be pestered with his confounded advice. If he ever saw me enjoying my glass, he always looked sour enough to curdle new milk. I shall get my liquor in comfort now, and have a new comrade to go on the booze with. Come in,

"WHAT' DO YO' MEAN, EVERETT?" SAID THE OLD MAN."

Aaron, you can't do better than follow a good example. It's a poor heart that never rejoices. I'll stand treat—'

But Aaron Brigham had silently departed. The sunshine had darkened out of his sky; the warmth that had glowed so pleasantly round his heart, had given place to a chill, numb heaviness, and the long deep-drawn sighs that rose from his heaving breast, told the worldless story of the exceeding bitter sorrow of his soul.

How he found his way to Lily Lodge he knew not. As he crossed the threshold of its trellised porch, his wan, white face, so ghostly and so sad, elicited a scream from Esther Harland, who thought her master stricken, and feared the worst.

'Why, Aaron!' she said, touched to the quick at the sight of his grief. 'Whatever is the matter wi' yo'?'

She was only just in time to guide his swerving footsteps to the old arm-chair in the chimney corner. With a groan that made the good housekeeper's flesh creep, the old man placed his two arms upon the little table, laid his head thereon, and abandoned himself to a very tremor and passion of tears.

Tears do not come readily to the eyes of the old,and there are few sights more distressing than the heart-break of bending age weeping out its agony, with no words to tell the tale. O, if Walter Bardsley could only have seen that sight; if only that poor, foolish bride, Alice, could have looked on that strange vision; surely, if even Mr. Norwood Hayes had taken in that harrowing scene, the young man's reckless plunge, so lightly made, and so glibly applauded, might have aroused a terror of apprehension, alarm, and strong remorse.

For awhile, Esther Harland could but look on in silence, dropping companion tears, and laying her hand gently on his good, grey head. Then the customary self-command came back to him.

'Esther, my lass, I'se better now,' he said, 'But I feel as though I've a'most had my death-blow! Walter Bardsley's brokken his pledge on his weddin' day. The "Bardsley drought" 'll rush 'im to his grave at a gallop, an' that sweet Alice hez bargained for a blighted life, an' a brokken heart!'

'Nay, nay, owd friend. You mawn't prophecy sae bad as that,' said Esther. 'It's mebbe nobbut a sudden slip. Ah dare say he'll sign again, noo that he's married. You'll ha' te pray for him.'

'Pray for him!' said Aaron, bringing down his clenched hand on the table, 'Ah could gi' my poor aud life for the lad. Poor, poor Walter! Would God I had died for thee!'

He rose to his feet, walked unassisted to his bedroom, closed the door behind him, locked it promptly, and Esther Harland knew, by that well-known token, that he had gone to talk with God; had gone to struggle, like the wrestler by the brook Jabbock, for the life and soul of Walter Bardsley! When he came forth from the place he was as one transfigured, and the much-relieved Esther knew that his grief was restrained, that his hope was kindled, and that his soul was strong.

Then a strange thing happened. George Caffer had come in to get his supper after the labors of the day, and Phil Lambert had turned in of set purpose to speak a cheery word to his comrade, and to report himself to Aaron with a repetition of that 'Niver nae mair,' which had made music that morning in the old man's ears. And even while yet the pleasant little interview was being held, Tom Smart and dear little maid Kitty, came along to fetch the mended jersey, and save gran'feyther an evening walk. Tom's answer to Aaron's inquiry as to his welfare, was a calm, contented, re-assuring smile; and as the old man noted how much little Kitty's face and fortune had improved since 'feyther turned teetotal,' a great wave of thankfulness swept over the old man's soul. Caffer, and Lambert, and Smart, and Kitty—the good Lord had gathered them round to cheer and comfort him; and Walter Bardsley, by the help of God, should become, despite the old man's fear, the prey, for Christ's sake, of his bow and his spear!

CHAPTER XXX.

While Aaron Brigham was letting fall hot tears for Walter Bardsley's sore betrayal of his trust, the young bridegroom was speeding along by special coach to Scarborough with his fair bride beside him. But how utterly the gladsomeness of that journey has been discounted! He is trying, like a man, like a lover, like a husband, to make the time pass blithely and delightsomely for the maiden he so longs to love and cherish. He has been he so longs to love and cherish. He has been a perfect Samson in his capacity for making others happy. He has ever been the joy of every holiday, the soul of every pleasure-party, and the spring of every social delight, but, Samson though he is, he fails utterly now. His locks are shorn.

(To be Continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Hymn for a Child.

(By Laura E. Richard.)

God gave me a little light
To carry as I go;
Bade me keep it clear and bright,
Shining high and low,
Bear it steadfast, without fear,
Shed its radiance far and near,
Make the path before me clear
With its friendly glow.

God gave me a little song
To sing upon my way:
Rough may be the road and long,
Dark may be the day;
Yet a little bird can wing,
Yet a little flower can spring,
Yet a little child can sing,
Make the world gay.

God give me a little heart
To love whate'er he made;
God gave me strength to bear my part,
Glad and unafraid.
Through thy world so far, so bright,
Father, guide my steps aright!
Thou my song and thou my light,
So my trust is stayed.

He Knew How.

All was quiet in the invalid's room until a step was heard coming up the stairs. Then a faint voice called:

'Alfred, is that you?'

'No,' answered another member of the family, looking in and approaching the bed. 'But what is it you are wanting? Cannot I do it?'

'I only wanted to be lifted and turned a little,' was the reply. 'I think I'll wait a few minutes for Alfred to come. He knows just how.'

Alfred was only a boy, a merry, healthy young fellow, full of studies and outdoor pursuits, wanted on the cricket field with his young friends; but he was no stranger in the sick room. He had thought it worth while to learn 'just how' to minister to the sufferer, and his strong young arms were the chosen ones to lift the grandmother's wasted, pain-racked form many times daily. Was not that tender little service the very crown of manliness? It was Bayard Taylor who wrote:

'The bravest are the tenderest.'— 'The Friend.'

Serving.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad.
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Better Than is Necessary.

A certain business firm has upon its seal the motto: 'A little better than is necessary.' It is the secret of success in every business of life, from the first lesson to the last. Take it in school for instance. One pupil may prepare his lesson perfectly, as far as limits of the text require; another, studying with broader purpose, does not stop with the limits of the appointed lesson, but seeks everywhere for deeper knowledge of the subject itself. Is there any question which work will rank higher in the end?

A young clerk in a store may be accurate, faithful, honest, and industrious—and stay there; another clerk may add to these necessary qualifications for his work a personal interest in his customers which makes him remember their peculiar likes and dislikes and makes his serving them seem almost a matter of personal friendliness. Is there any question which will win the better trade?

A young girl at home may set the table and dust the room perfunctorily as a duty to be done faithfully, of course, but dismissed as soon as possible, or she may add a score of dainty touches to her work that will make it a pleasure to herself and a joy to others. 'A little better than is necessary'—it makes the difference between a slave or an artist; for, after all, it is in the spirit that the secret lies. To the high soul the 'necessary' is always the very best way that it can give.—'The Word and the Way.'

An Entrance Prayer.

The following versified invocation was written by the Rev. Well. E. Wood, of Boston, and is intended to be committed to memory and used by Christians as a prayer upon entering Church:—

God bless me here,
On holy ground,
Where God is found;
God bless each here;
Pastor and choir
Bless and inspire!
Loved ones at home,
Who cannot come;
The world abroad;—
May they seek God!
God give all here
The holy cheer
Of Christ's rich grace,
Sight of God's face.
Amen.

Tom's Gold-dust.

'That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust,' said Tom's uncle to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every time they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

'Certainly,' said his uncle 'certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust.'

God dust? Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to Johannesburg or Klondike. He never was a miner. Where did he get his gold dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time which boys, girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father had taught him that every speck, and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. Boys and girls, do you take care of your gold-dust?—'Bureau Lesson Quarterly.'

How Puck Saved Our Lives.

Would you like to hear how our dog Puck saved our lives, one night last winter? He was always put to bed on the mat at the pantry door in the long corridor leading to the kitchen. Above the pantry, on the next floor, was the store-room.

One night, after we had all gone to bed, Father heard a patter on the stairs, and a whining and scratching at his bedroom door. On opening it, he found Puck, anxious and trembling. 'Go to bed sir, at once,' he said, sternly; 'what do you mean by coming upstairs? Down with you!'

But no; Puck refused to go down; he would pass the stair-head, and proceed along the upper corridor. Father thought he must carry him down, for he did not want to wake us children, who slept at the far end of the corridor. But, as he stooped to pick up Puck, the dog eluded him, and ran on, turning round to see if Father was following him. Father thought he would see what the dog wanted, so he did follow him. Then Puck seemed happier, and trotted on, sniffing occasionally, till he reached the store-room door. Then Father saw what the dog meant, for a bright light shone through the keyhole and the chinks of the door. The store-room was on fire and Puck had found it out, and come to tell Father.

In another five minutes it would have been too late. As it was, Father got a blanket soaked in water, and managed to put out the flames. He was very grateful to Puck for waking him, for, as he said, all we children might have been burnt in our beds, since the flames would have cut us off from the staircase. Something wrong with the gas, had caused the fire. Next morning Father told us all about it, and didn't we hug Puck! He was so pleased, but he was puzzled, too, for I think he had forgotten all about the fire. —'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

'Call Me at 5.'

The jessamine taps on the pane at dawn,
When a light wind comes with the rising morn,
And the thrushes cry
Have a care, have a care,
The sunbeams will kiss you before you're aware.

The spiders have finished their webs by now,
Securing the ends to the nearest bough,
And the martins screech
Come away, come away,
You are missing the best of a summer's day.

So let's join the throng these busy hours,
Returning calls of the birds and the flowers.
There's plenty of time
When the sun gets down
To visit our friends in the dull old town.
—Eleanor Esher, in the 'Westminster Gazette.'

For the Masters Use.

The writing desk lay open. Its owner had been called away in the act of beginning an important letter. On it were laid a sheet of note paper and an envelope; beside it stood the ink bottle, and close by lay a pen, the blotting paper and the pen wiper.

The silence of the room was broken by the Note Paper speaking to his companions.

'You needn't look so consequential,' he said, scornfully; 'it is on me the letter will be written.'

'Yes,' said the Pen, 'but you forget it is I who write it.'

'And you forget,' said the Ink, 'that you couldn't write without me.'

'You needn't boast,' said the Ink Bottle, 'for where would you be but for me?'

'It is ridiculous of you all to be so conceited,' interposed the Blotting Paper; 'only for me what a mess you'd be in.'

'And may I ask,' said the Envelope, 'what use would any of you be if I did not take the letter safely where it is to go?'

'But it is I who write the directions on you,' snapped the Pen.

'Dear Sirs,' please stop quarrelling,' gently said the little Pen Wiper, who had not spoken yet.

'What have you to say?' asked the Pen, contemptuously. 'You are nothing but a doormat,' and he laughed at his own wit.

'Even if I am only a door mat,' said the

Take Time by the Forelock

It is not a day too soon for our 'Pictorial' Boys to be taking every opportunity of giving their customers the bill of fare for June. (See contents in full of June number elsewhere in this issue.) There is a great deal in talking things up. If people are interested, and know what's coming, your sales are practically secured. Everyone will like to see the picture of the fine statue just unveiled in Montreal to the memory of the Canadian South African Contingent; so that the cover attracts at once, and the contents will bear out the interest secured at first sight.

The 'Portrait Gallery' in the June number gives the picture of Harold Deans—a Western Ontario boy—taken with his sister and twin brothers—a charming little group.

Harold has been selling since November, not many each month, some months only a dozen, but has shown himself prompt and business-like. Success to him!

We want to hear from any reader of this advt. who would like to earn a watch and chain, fountain pen, knife or pocket-money. Fuller particulars of premium offer on another page. A postcard will bring you a dozen to start on, and letter of instructions.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Sales Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Pen Wiper, humbly, 'only for me you would be so rough with dried ink you couldn't be used. And that is all any of us are good for—just to be used. We might all stay here for the rest of our lives, and not all of us put together could write that letter. Only the hand of our master could do that.'

'I believe he's right,' said the Envelope and Note Paper together.

'Yes,' said the Ink, 'it was foolish of us to forget that we can do nothing until we are used.'

'True enough,' murmured the Ink Bottle, 'for what use would I be if you were not to me?'

'Yes, to be sure,' said the Blotting Paper, 'we ought to have thought of that.'

'Indeed, yes; and I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Pen Wiper, 'but I do think we would be happier if we would just do the best we can, without being jealous.'

As he spoke the owner re-entered the room and silence fell. The Pen was taken up, dipped in the Ink, and passed to and fro on the Note Paper, the Blotting Paper pressed on it; the letter placed in the Envelope; the address written; the Pen wiped on the Pen Wiper.

'We have each done our part,' murmured the Ink.

'Yes,' said the Pen, and without our master we could have done nothing.'—The 'British Messenger.'

Keeping Engagements.

In the 'Christian Endeavor World' the story is told concerning 'President Roosevelt on Keeping Engagements,' by the Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D.D., of New York, as follows:

'A friend of mine was closeted with President Roosevelt, discussing a matter of much importance, when the private telephone bell rang. The President answered it, and a boyish voice said, "Who is this?" "It is the President."

'"Is Archie there?" "He is not here, but I think he is somewhere about."

'"Well, he promised to come and play with me at 2 o'clock; and now it is 3 o'clock, and he has not come, and I am very much disappointed."

'"I will look the matter up at once," said the man of affairs. He spoke with as much interest and determination as would have been manifested over any question of statecraft or public policy. Turning to the house telephone, he soon located Archie, and said, "Did you have an engagement to meet a playmate at 2 o'clock; and, if so, why have you not kept it?"

'"Oh, yes, I promised to meet one of the boys, but I forgot all about it."

'"Go to him at once and apologize."

'The President then gave his son a homily on the morality of keeping an engagement, something like this: "Not to keep an engagement is to be guilty of a species of falsehood, and it should be as carefully avoided as any other variation from the truth. If you keep engagements as a boy, you will keep them as a man; if you are careless with them now, you will have to learn new principles, or be a failure in life."'

For Inky Fingers.

A girl I know has made a wonderful discovery, which she thinks all other schoolboys and schoolgirls should know, too.

'It's so needful, mamma,' she says, 'All boys and girls get ink on their fingers, you know.'

'Surely they do, and on their clothes as well,' said her mother.

'I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they are there,' responded the girl. 'I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink stains off my fingers. See!'

She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were wet she took a match out of the match-safe and rubbed the sulphur end well over every ink spot. One after another the spots disappeared, leaving a row of white fingers where had been a row of inky black ones.

'There,' said the girl after she had finished. 'Isn't that good? I read that in a housekeeping paper, and I never knew they were any good before. I clean my fingers that way every morning now; it's just splendid!'—Selected.

A Summer House Story.

'Mother!' said Hannath, one day, who was famous for asking questions, 'are these trees any good to us? will Father ever cut them down?'

The rest of the children all began to talk at once, for if we do love anything in our garden it's our shady green walk leading away from the summer-house.

'Think of the horse-chestnuts we pick up! think of the birds' nests! Why, there's the fly-catcher's nest in the rose-creeper on the lime now! Think of the swing,' etc. And Mother, who is always on the look-out for a story, began at once.

'Any good to us, Hannath? I will tell you something about the good they are to us. Without speaking of the beauty and the grateful shade of trees, I will tell you at once of what is perhaps the chief form which their 'goodness' to us takes. There is a certain gas called oxygen which we and all animals require to breathe to keep us in health, and this gas is continually being given out by the under-side of the leaves, filling the atmosphere with the very gas we want to keep us alive. There is, too, another gas called carbonic acid, which we breathe out from our lungs, and which is most unwholesome to breathe in again. Now this gas, so bad for us, is the principal food of the tree, and it continually breathes it in, taking it out of the air, through the help of its thousands of leaves, which are its lungs. So that trees are continually purifying the air when it has become impure, as well as continually giving back the oxygen which is our life.

'Do you see how "good" the trees are to us now?—and so wise, too! The leaves cannot perform the work God has set them to do without light; and wherever you may find a young tree, or indeed any plant growing, you will always see that it struggles up to the light and turns to it the upper surface of its leaves. You do not always do what is best for you, even when you are told. But think again of a young plant. Did you ever know it push its root up through the ground and send its green shoot downwards? No, never! Its welfare is its duty, and it never thinks of disobedience to Mother Nature, who sets it its tasks day by day. There is no 'Oh, why?' with the young tree, only quiet simple obedience, and then how it does grow and flourish! Under ground there are countless roots and fibres, as large perhaps as the stem and branches and twigs we see towering far above our heads, and nearly all through all those roots and fibres are sending up a stream of sap to branch and twig and every green leaf that covers them. Then as autumn draws on the leaves prepare for a new sphere of usefulness. All their life has been serviceable activity since in spring they peeped from their protecting buds. They have gladdened our eyes with their beauty, shielded us from the great heat of the sun, purified the air and now they are about to enter on a new sphere of usefulness. Warm shades of brown, red, and yellow creep over them, the flow of sap is languid in their veins, sharp night frosts shrivel them up, their fall is at hand. The autumn winds will soon break them up, and, changed at last to mould again, they will mix with and enrich the soil, and serve in their turn as food for other plants. And so not a single leaf will be lost, though it fall and be blown we know not whither.

This is but a very small part of the 'good trees are to us,' but we have no time to say more. Do you try to copy them, Hannath? Don't say 'Oh, Mother, why?', but do as your own mother and Mother Nature bid you, and you will grow straight and fair, and will be good and do good in your generation, please God!'—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

GOOD TIMES UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Hail! Friends of Temperance.

Words by A. Ewart. Tune: 'Auld Lang Syne.'

Hail! friends of Temp'rance, brothers all,
We bid you welcome here,
To join us while we celebrate
With joy another year.

Chorus.

Then let us join both heart and hand,
Here let us all unite,
And form a solid Temp'rance band
To battle for the right.

We are resolved, let come what will,
Our motto still shall be,
'Excelsior!' onward, onward still,
Love and fidelity.

Then let us join, etc.

Then friends and brothers, let us pray
That God be with us here,
To bless our labors night and day,
In every coming year.

Then let us join, etc.
—'Alliance Reformer.'

Liquor Drinking Inconsistent With Good Work.

Alcohol is certainly inconsistent with what might be called fine work. It is absolutely inconsistent with a surgeon's work, and with anything that requires a quick, acute and alert judgment. I am very much struck with the fact that very many professional men who work hard all day have discontinued the use of stimulants in the middle of the day. Why? For no other reason, probably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, than that they find they cannot work after it. That fact speaks more for this broad point than any amount of abstract arguments.—Sir F. Treves.

An Inebriate Cured While Prayer was Being Offered.

A few years ago a gentleman residing in Dublin was sojourning near Cork on account of his health. He was a confirmed inebriate, and had nearly wrecked his life by indulgence in strong drink. At a prayer-meeting which was held in the Metropolitan Hall, Dublin, his sister, a godly Christian woman, sent a petition saying, 'Pray for a poor drunkard who is killing himself, soul and body, with strong drink.' Prayers were offered on his behalf by those assembled. At this very time, as was afterwards learned, this gentleman was sitting with his wife by the fireside, when he took up the bottle which stood before him and dashed it into the grate, saying, 'I'll not taste it any more; I'll not taste it any more.' From that time he abandoned the use of strong drink, and not only that, but was led to seek the mercy and salvation of the Lord. It was impossible that he should know anything of the prayers that were being offered on his behalf more than a hundred miles distant, but the Lord heard and answered the prayer. This incident was related by a surgeon who was present when the prayer was offered, and who knew all the parties concerned.—'Temperance League.'

Who Fell Out on the Way to Ladysmith.

Alcohol as a work producer is exceedingly extravagant, and like all other extravagant measures, leads to a physical bankruptcy. It is also curious that troops cannot work or march on alcohol. I was, as you know, with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith, and, of course, it was an extremely trying time, by reason of the hot weather. In that enormous column of 30,000, the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men, —they were the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their backs.—Sir Frederick Treves.

A Word to the Boy Who Smokes Cigarettes.

A word to you, sonny—you little twelve or thirteen year old boy who is smoking cigarettes on the sly. What do you want to be when you grow up—a stalwart, healthy, vigorous, broad shouldered man, or a little, puny, measly, no-count, weak-minded dude? If you want to be a man, strong like a man, with hair on your face, brains in your head, and muscles in your limbs you just let those cigarettes alone. If you want to be a thing pitied by your folks, despised by the girls, held in contempt by the fellows keep right on smoking—Seneca (Mo.) 'Hustler.'

The Existence of the Nation Threatened.

Scientific temperance instruction is getting a strong foothold in France. In the schools, there are now text books covering the question and the government offers prizes for the best essays on the question, not only by the school children, but by mature scholars as well. Temperance restaurants are being promoted in Paris. Recently 68 leading physicians, including officers of the medical department of the army and navy, in the Department of Finisterre, signed a manifesto to impress on the people the dangers of drink, saying that the ravages of alcohol threaten the very existence of the French nation. And this is the country where the innocent American soothsayers declare there is no drink problem because the people drink 'pure, harmless wine.'—'Christian Statesman.'

Religious Notes.

Mr. Fulford, of Brockville, Ontario, Canada, proprietor of several patent medicines, died last August, leaving an estate sworn to be worth £1,300,000. He left a will directing the conversion of the business into a joint stock company, and that to Doctor Barnardo's Homes should be left twenty per cent. of the profits annually. It may be said that this is shrewd advertising, but it is likely to be a valuable aid to the Homes if the management can comply with the terms of the bequest.

The American Tract Society, according to its eighty-first annual report, just issued, is steadily pursuing its work and meeting its needs in a way impossible to any save an interdenominational society. It has recently added 87 new publications, in 14 languages, and is now publishing literature in 30 different tongues. Immigration is now largely of Iberic, Slavic, and Hebraic origin, and so large and varied is this part of our population that America may be spoken of as the home and foreign missionary field of the world. The Society makes every effort to deal with this class of the population. Three colporteurs, who are conspicuous as linguists, distribute literature at Ellis Island in 30 different languages. Some 95 colporteurs are in all employed, and last year visited 279,480 families, distributing 63,520 copies and portions of the scriptures.

The missionaries of the Leipsic Missionary Society baptized 43 heathen some time ago in Mamba, East Africa, and 29 two months later in Mwika, another station of the same district.

The 'Morning Star' of Jaffna reports the Bishop of Madras as prophesying that within fifty years there will be in the Telugu country, India, alone a large and vigorous community of 2,000,000 Christians. The bishop says further:

Among the converts from the lower strata of Hindu society the effect of Christianity is remarkable; scores of Christians whose fathers were Pariahs, living as serfs, without hope in this world or the next, are now self-educated men, fit for positions of trust and highest responsibility, and bright examples of Christian faith and conduct. I have visited village after village where the Christians of Pariah origin are the best educated and most moral class in the community. I feel sure that when the whole 2,000,000 Pariahs are converted to Christianity they will be raised from the bottom right up to the top of the social scale and form a marvellous witness to the power of Christ, such as no age has seen since the days of the apostles. We see now the beginning of a mighty movement that will revolutionize the whole fabric of Hindu society and Indian thought. It is no vain dream that within this present century India will become a Christian land, inspired by Christian ideals and dominated by Christian principles.

Rangoon, the capital of Burma, has a population of nearly 250,000, and 'Mission Field' says of it: Here, perhaps, more than anywhere else Christianity is face to face with the three most powerful non-Christian systems: Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism. All three have large and costly places of worship and hosts of worshippers. And, besides, the Chinese have a Joss house, the Parsees a fire temple, the Jews a synagogue, the Roman Catholics four churches and a Cathedral; and finally, the Church of England has a cathedral and three churches for Europeans and Eurasians, a mission church for Tamils and Telugus, and two missions for Burmese.

The 'Christian Observer' says editorially: Sixteen years ago Doctor Moffett began a mission in the city of Pyeng Yang where there was not a single Christian. The Christian community now numbers over 5,000, and last June, as he departed for the United States, more than 1,000, including 50 theological students, walked three miles to the station to bid him farewell. In the northern part of the city a recently organized church has erected a building which will seat 400. The native converts, most of them converts from heathenism within the last year, furnished the money; some individuals gave half a year's income. At this city and Seoul there were 2,000 confessions of faith during one month of last year. What cities in our favored land can make a better showing? The church in Pyeng Yang has its wide awake Brotherhood which is erecting an association building, with reading rooms, committee rooms, study classes, and missionary agencies.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: J. P. Edmonton, $5.00; F. L. McKinno, Winnipeg, $5.00; L. J. Winn, Hawkesville, $2.50; Edna and Lyman, Vankleek Hill, $2.00; From a Friend, Sutlwyn, Man., $2.00; Walter Scott, Winnipeg, $5.00; Mrs. J. S. Brown, Paris, Ont., $5.00; Mary Dell, Crosafield, Alta., $2.50; Alexander MacLaren, South West, $1. Total.. .. .. $ 30.00

Received for the cots: F. L. McKinnon, Winnipeg, $5.00; Mary L. Sifton, Cairngorm, Ont., $50c.; C. Agnes Duff, Stewartville, 25c.; Total.. .. .. $ 5.75

Received for the komatik: Russell Dow, Spring Hill, Ont., 25c.; Willie D. Dow, 10c.; Kenneth Dow, 10c.; Agnes R. Eadie, Spring Hill, 25c.; Wallace Hughes, Kansas, Alta., 25c.; Jimmie Hughes, 25c.; Harry Hughes, 10c.; Total.. .. .. $ 1.30

Previously acknowledged for the launch..	$385.87
Previously acknowledged for the cots	24.50
Previously acknowledged for the komatik....	35.00
Total received up to May 22....	$482.42

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Kind Little Brother.

One fine summer afternoon, when lessons were over, Robbie, Dick, and Hal always played in the pretty wood which lay quite close to their home. One day their little sister Margery begged to come too. At first they said no. Robbie thought girls were too silly to play,

except with dolls. Dick said she would spoil all the fun; but Hal had a kind little heart, and, when he saw Margery's sad little face, he said, 'Oh, let her come, I'm sure she won't be in the way;' and so they all started off together.

Everything went well for a time. The children darted in and out amongst the trees, chasing butterflies, picking flowers, laughing, and calling to each other, but presently poor Margery's short legs began to feel too tired to run any more. 'I knew how it would be,' grumbled Robbie, 'we'd much better have left her at home.'

'See-saw, Margery Daw,' sang Dick in a mocking tone, 'she shall have but a penny a day, because she can't walk any faster.'

The little girl burst into tears. 'Never mind, Margie,' said Hal; 'come and sit down and rest by the brook, and I'll come too, if you like.' So, while Robbie and Dick ran off to play at hide-and-seek, the kind little brother wiped away Margery's tears, and, sitting down on the bank, told her the prettiest fairy-tale he could think of.

When he had finished, Margery said, 'Oh, Hal, look at those lovely forget-me-nots on the other bank; I want to pick some for mother.'

'You're much too small to go across,' said Hal, 'but I'll try to carry you; so he pulled off his shoes and socks, and, lifting Margery, waded into the stream. The stones cut poor Hal's feet, and his little sister certainly did feel very heavy. Still, he managed to stagger across somehow, and then to land her safely on the other bank, with a nice bunch of forget-me-nots clasped in her hot little hands, and a very happy smile on her face.

When the children ran home to tea, mother was so pleased with her pretty flowers; but I think she looked still more pleased when she heard how kind Hal had been to his little sister. She bent down and gave him a very loving kiss and said, 'Do you know, darling that a very great man once said that little kindnesses are the sweetest flowers we can offer to God.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

The Music Lesson.

Ply away, dearie, ply away;
The little black notes some day
Will answer what you please
To your fingers on the keys,
When you ask them what they've got to say.

Dear little clumsy fingers now;
Dear puzzled eyes, go slow!
But fingers learn to race,
Never missing one its place,
And eyes to eat up notes by the row.

Ply away, dearie, ply away,
A little bit better each day.
That's how people train
Fingers, eyes, and brain,
A trained will's nod to obey.

—'N. C. Advocate.'

Billy Boy's Garden.

(By Carolyn S. Bailey, in 'Kindergarten Review.')

One fine Spring morning when the green grass blades were standing stiff and straight on the lawn, and the dandelions were bobbing their yellow heads about, Billy Boy said:—

'Oh, Mother Dear, you have a beautiful garden with rosebuds, and

tulips, and crocuses, and all lovely things in it, and the farmer across the road has harnessed his horses to his plough. I wish I could have a little garden all my very, very own.'

Then Mother Dear, who had on her garden hat and her garden gloves and was clipping rosebushes with her big shears, said:—

'Here are some beans, and here is a paper of marigold seed, Billy Boy. You may have the sunny, south corner by the fence for your very, very own little garden, but be sure you take good care of it, like a real gardener.'

So Billy Boy put on his blue jean overalls, and took his beans and his marigold seed, and started down the path to make a garden.

As he went, he saw a garden rake lying by the side of the path, and—was it not strange?—the rake stood up, and said in a thin, scrapy voice:—

'Where are you going so early in the morning, Billy Boy?'

'To the sunny south corner by the fence,' said Billy Boy, 'to make a little garden.'

'May I go with you, Billy Boy?' asked the rake.

'Can you do anything to help me?' asked Billy Boy.

'I can clear away the sticks, the stones, and the brush,' said the rake.

'Then you may come too,' said Billy Boy.

So Billy Boy and the beans and the marigold seed and the rake went on together until they nearly tumbled over a little spade, which stood in the path directly in front of them.

'Where are you going, Billy Boy?' asked the spade in a deep, gruff voice.

'To the sunny, south corner by the fence to make a little garden,' said Billy Boy.

'May I go with you, Billy Boy?' asked the spade.

'Can you do anything to help me?' asked Billy Boy.

'I can dig the earth and make holes for your beans and your marigold seed,' said the spade.

'Then you may come too.' said Billy Boy.

So Billy Boy and the beans and the marigold seed and the rake and the spade went on together until they came, all of a sudden, upon a little hoe leaning up against an apple tree by the edge of the path.

'Where are you going, Billy Boy?' asked the hoe in a common, ordinary voice.

'To the sunny south corner by the fence,' said Billy Boy, 'to make a little garden.'

'May I go too?' asked the hoe.

'Can you do anything to help?' asked Billy Boy.

'I can keep the weeds from choking your beans and your marigolds,' said the hoe.

'Then you may come too,' said Billy Boy.

So Billy and the beans and the marigold seed, and the rake, the spade, and the hoe went on together until they nearly stepped upon a fat, green toad who sat winking and blinking in the path.

'Where are you going, Billy Boy?' asked the fat, green toad in a thick, rough voice.

'To the sunny south corner by the fence to make a little garden,' said Billy Boy.

'May I go with you, Billy Boy?' asked the toad.

'Can you do anything to help?' asked Billy Boy.

'I can catch the creeping, crawling bugs that would eat your beans and your marigolds,' said the fat green toad, 'and I can watch the garden at night.'

'Then you may come too,' said Billy Boy.

So Billy Boy and the beans and the marigold seed, the rake, the spade, and the hoe went on together, and the fat, green toad hopped along beside until they came to the sunny, south corner by the fence.

Then the rake cleared away the sticks, the stones, and the brush. The spade dug the earth, and made holes for the beans and the marigold seed. The rain watered the garden, and the sunshine warmed it. The hoe kept away the weeds. The fat, green toad ate all the creeping, crawling bugs, and kept watch at night. And Billy Boy had a little garden, all his very, very own.

A Little Knight-Errant.

What! Me afraid? Well, I guess not—
I am a boy! Had you forgot?
If you'll just hold my hand real tight,
We'll pass that little dog all right.

You see, you're just a girl, Lucile,
And girls are scary; they just squeal
At nearly everything they see;
But boys are brave. Now you watch me.

Shoo, dog, I say. If you don't run,
I'll shoot you with this big pop-gun
That Uncle Joel gave to me
On my birthday. 'Tis loaded, see!

Look there, Lucile, he's trotting off;
I scared him awful, sure enough;
He doesn't know (talk easy, please!)
I've shot off all my bag of peas.

He's coming back. But don't he look
Just like that lion in my book?
I b'lieve he's mad—he's such a sight—
And dogs that's mad—run!—run!—he'll bite!

Now, what's the use, Lucile, to cry?
That dog was only passing by.
He didn't look at us at all;
I don't see why you had to fall,

And muss your dress all up like that;
And look there in the ditch; your hat
Is ruined for good! Mamma will scold—
For you're a big girl, four years old

My blouse? Well, I don't care, so now!
I've got another, anyhow.
Here is my gun all broken! Come,
Next time I'm going to leave you home.

—Margaret A. Richard.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Correspondence

H. I., Light Station.

Dear Editor,—I live in a lighthouse, where my papa is light-keeper. The light is a red fixed dioptric, and is very pretty. Lots of people come to see it in the summer time. In the winter we have very few visitors, as the island is a mile and a half from the main land. I like the summer the best; then I can go fishing and shooting. For a pet I have a rooster. He is very tame, and I call him Buster.

EUEN SMETZER (aged 13).

A. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would write and tell all about our school and town. A. C. is a very pretty place in summer. There are four churches here. One English, one Methodist, one Baptist, and a Presbyterian. I always go to the Presbyterian Sunday School.

There is one public school here. We have a new teacher, and he seems rather cross. We had a very nice teacher, but he went away to teach in a model school, and we were all very sorry when he left, as we used to have lots of fun with him at school. I live with my grandfather and grandmother.

CORA M. MACNEIL (aged 14 years.)

[Don't make things hard for your teacher, Cora. Perhaps you do miss the teacher you all liked so well, but don't let that make you unjust to the new one.—Ed.]

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years of age, and am in the Junior Fourth book. As I am nearly as big as my mother, she took me out of school at Easter, so that I could help her with the work. I am on my fifth quilt. I had one quilted on my seventh birthday, a second one quilted on my ninth birthday, the third on my twelfth birthday, and I want two on my thirteenth birthday. The weather here is cold and wet for May. Nearly all the boys can count May for bare-footed time, but they can't this year. I have two brothers and one sister. I am the eldest of our family, and my sister is the youngest.

NO NAME.

T., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I, too, wish 'Chatterbox' would write again. I like her letters very much, they are so interesting. I have a dear little fox terrier pup that is called Trickey; he is white in color, and very playful. I have also a bird; it does not sing much in this weather, though. Is not this a very late spring? My Aunt and Uncle are here from Vancouver. They came on Friday, and I was very glad. My little sister Evelyn is very cute. She cannot talk plainly, and is very funny, and often makes us laugh.

My birthday is in August, and papa's is on the same day as mine. My brother's and one sister's birthdays are also in August. It seems so funny for so many of us to have our birthdays in the same month.

N. L. HAMILTON.

K., Que.

Dear Editor,—The logs came down the creek last week, and the drivers are camping behind our place. I have a baby sister, five months old, and I think she is awfully cute.

Our house is on the top of a hill, and we have a fine view from it. I have lost two dogs this winter; one was run over by the train, and papa shot the other one, because he bit a little girl who was playing here.

I will close with some riddles:—

1. Why is a tree like an elephant?
2. When are old houses like convicts?
3. Why is an underdone egg like a young man suddenly fallen in love?
4. What men among the working class are the most persistent strikers?
5. When are parcels and vines alike?
6. Why are deaf and dumb people like conventions?
7. When is a new hat like an old one?
8. Why is a boy eating a sandwich like a horse?
9. When are letters like hotel guests?

SIDNEY GORDON.

Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years of age; I have no brothers nor sister, and I live on a farm in the north of Scotland. A friend of mine in Canada has for a number of years sent me the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it very much; but I like the correspondence page best. It is a very interesting paper.

ALEXINA M. A. WEBSTER.

[Glad to hear from you, Alexina, but your riddle has been asked before,—Ed.]

A., Mass.

Dear Editor,—We have had a very cold winter this year; there was one snow storm when the drifts were four feet deep. The day we had the big snow-storm we did not go to school. We have a barge come for us every morning to take us to school, so that we do not have to walk; while in the winter we have a large sleigh with two horses, and that is great fun.

EVELYN JOHNSON.

C., Wiltshire, England.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I, myself, like many others, am fond of the stories in the 'Messenger.' I have an Auntie and four cousins living in Ontario. I live many miles away in a small country town in Wiltshire (Eng.), I have been in for an examination, and had the good news that I had passed. I now attend the Technical School. We had very frosty weather this winter, and I dare say you had the same. I don't think I will put any drawing in, as I am just learning how to draw. If I did, I might frighten some of the children who put such pretty sketches in the 'Messenger.' I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close with a riddle:

Why is a bankrupt to be pitied more than an idiot?

MAUDE TANNER.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—Last summer I had some chickens and hens of my own, but we killed them all in the fall but two hens. Next autumn I am going to college in Winnipeg. Two years ago I went down East; some of the places I went to were: Toronto, Ottawa, and Evanston. My father and I go nearly every year to Detroit Lakes, Minn. We have lots of fun playing on the beach. I am thirteen years old, and my two brothers and a sister are older than I am.

MARY LOCK.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Old Barn.' Norman Ward, (aged 8), H., Ont.
2. 'A Moonlight Scene.' Annie Goudie (aged 12), I., Ont.
3. 'House Cleaning Time.' Charlie Byers (aged 7), F., Ont.
4. 'In a Milliner's Shop.' Elva I. Paul, A., Ont.
5. 'The Skipping Cat.' Alice Mehlmann, P. M., N.S.
6. House.' Karl Nieghorn (aged 7), Toronto.
7. 'Pig.' Albertine Neighorn (aged 5), Toronto.
8. 'Our Methodist Church.' Gilbert Guy Harris, B., N'fl'd.
9. 'In His Prime.' John Hunter, W., Ont.
10. 'A Villa.' Beryl Pelton (aged 11), I., Ont.
11. 'Billy and His Dog.' Mabel Irene Herald, (aged 10), B. F., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

We have received several nice little letters from the Protestant Orphanage in St. John, N.B., and will try to have them all go in together one week.

Jessie May Haines, M., Ont., has a great-grandmother living, who is also a reader of the 'Messenger.'

Muriel E. Nichols, W., Ont., used to live in the town, but she lives in the country now. She sends the answer to Madeline Louise McKenney's second riddle (May 3)—In attention. There are several riddles enclosed, but only one is fresh: Which should be the two hottest letters of the alphabet?

A. E. Simon, Gaspe, says 'It will soon be fishing time, and I intend to go out fishing.' He asks, 'Where is the name "penknife" found in the Bible?'

Gilbert Guy Harris, B., N'fl'd., writes, 'This has been a very cold winter. We boys have had plenty of skating and sliding. There is a large pond near our school, where we have great fun.'

Ethel M. Cameron, T. B., N.S., lives on a farm near the salt water, and 'in summer it is very nice. We go in bathing.' Is it warm enough yet for that, Ethel?

There is another little mermaid at least, Elsie Keizer, T. H., N.S., also lives by the sea. She has two dolls, a bureau, a washstand, table, and two chairs. Your riddles have been asked before, Elsie, with the exception of the last two. 1. How can you spell excellency in four letters? 2. Why did William Tell shudder when he fired at the apple on his son's head?

Burton McDonald, H. C., N.S., answers Margaret H. McDonald's first riddle (May 17)—The Wind.

Angus L. McDonald, S., N.S., says the railroad runs through their farm.

The following correspondents all send riddles that have been asked before: Elise G. Matheson, O. B. R., P.E.I.; Milford Oliver, R., Que.; Erdie E. MacGowan, C., N.S.; Margaret L. MacDonald, S., NS; Lizzie Chapman, C, N.B.; Mabel M., Sherwood Springs; M. H. McM., Wyoming, Ont., who answers Margaret H. Macdonald's second riddle (May 17)—A knife in a man's pocket; and May Brim., C., Ont.

We have also received short letters from Jennie J. Vaughan, E. P. M., N.S.; and Elva McCombie, L. T., N.S.

HOUSEHOLD.

Two Trees.

(Elizabeth R. Finley, in 'St. Nicholas.')

A little tree, short but self-satisfied.
Glanced toward the ground, then tossed its head and cried:
'Behold how tall I am! how far the dusty earth!'
And boasting thus, it swayed in scornful mirth.

The tallest pine tree in the forest raised
Its head toward heaven and sighed the while it gazed:
'Alas, how small I am, and the great skies how far!
What years of space 'twixt me and yonder star!'

Moral.

Our height depends on what we measure by
If up from earth, or downward from the sky.

Little Mothers in a Great City.

Among the poor families of the city where the mother is obliged to work out, the care of the smaller children falls upon the oldest sister. The lot of these 'little mothers' is a hard one. A writer in the New York 'Evening Post' says: The travelling library department of the New York Public Library circulates more than a thousand books a year from No. 22 West St. among the little girls of the surrounding tenements, who are given on an average two readings apiece weekly.

Each girl, when she returns her book, is asked if any one except herself has read it, and often replies that it was read by either her father or her mother. Sometimes it has proved too advanced for them, owing to her own superior knowledge of English, or more mature literary taste. Frequently a child will take out a story book for herself, and will then ask for a first or second reader for her father, evidently some man painfully acquiring English with his child's aid in the evening.

When the branch was first established, Miss Bogardus, the library attendant, who has always had charge of it, asked the children to name it. There was some hesitation. Finally one midget diffidently suggested that it might be called the 'Battery Wheelmen.' Poor little mite! She was offering the most suitable name for an organization that occurred to her.

The children have, nevertheless, named No. 22 West St. for themselves, 'The Pleasant Place.' A woman walking in the neighborhood one day noticed a group of little girls hurrying along, and asked them where they were going. They replied, 'To the pleasant place over on West St.' She followed them and found they went to the rooms of the Little Mothers' Aid Association. On inquiry it was found that the little mothers of the neighborhood identified the place thus, and 'The Pleasant Place' it has remained. It is a dark, narrow, little hall, cramped and inconvenient in every way. But it seems pleasant to the little mothers of the tenements.

One would expect the children to be interested in the cooking and sewing classes, physical exercise and summer outings, in Christmas and Thanksgiving entertainments, in Easter, when they get flowering plants and new spring hats. But it is something of a surprise to find what eager and up-to-date literary taste prevails among them. They read 'More Goops, and How Not to Be Them' and 'The Lonesomest Doll.'

'Please give me "Cinderella" ' said one small person the other day.

'Why, my dear, you had "Cinderella" last week. Why don't you take a new book?' said the attendant.

'I'd like to read it over,' said the child.

The little mothers, in the interval of caring for their numerous families, when they have washed the dishes and packed the children off to school, and have put the baby to sleep, slip away now and then into the pleasant pages which take them into fairyland. Throughout this neighborhood are many who hold what they naively term 'office positions,' only their labors never extend as high as the desks; they stop with the floors. The oldest girl brings up the family, and often she looks forward to the day when she can go to the factory, or take an 'office position' in her turn, as a blessed relief from the eternal drag of children too heavy for her arms.

There came into the Pleasant Place the other day a little creature with a gentle face. She had not come for a book; only to sit a while with the other girls and look at the pictures. She could not read, even the primer. There had not been time to send her to school yet.

'How many children have you, Jenny?' asked the visitor, adopting the customary form of query of the neighborhood.

'Four,' said Jenny; 'there's Tom and Lucy and Carrie and the baby.'

'And how old is the baby?'

'Two weeks.'

'And you take care of him?'

'Yes, ma'am, when me mudder's away at work.'

'Here's Clara's book, Miss Bogardus,' said another girl; 'she can't come to-day.'

'Why not?' asked the librarian.

'She's got a new baby,' replied the messenger, briefly and unaffectedly.

Norah is a character at the Pleasant Place. She entered with a whirl, and slapped her book down before the librarian, with a penny upon it.

'Here's me book and here's me cent,' said she; 'me book's dirty.'

'Why, Norah, how did you soil your book?'

'Hanged if I know,' replied the child frankly. '"Twas wrapped in a newspaper all the time. I suppose some of me kids go at it.'

Having received another book, she flipped its leaves with a practiced hand, and scanned its pages with an eagle eye.

'Here's ink in de front and a leaf tored,' she announced briefly. When a note had been made of these injuries she retired satisfied. She did not intend to be fined for mischief not perpetrated by her own 'kids.'

The next girl with a soiled bookcover was not so ready to meet her just debts.

'We are very poor,' she pleaded.

The attendant looked up at her hat, the finest in the room; at her dress, elaborate for that neighborhood.

'I'm afraid I can't let you have another book, then,' she replied.

The girl left the room, but just before closetime she rushed back. 'Here's the cent,' she cried; 'my father borrowed it off a man.'

In the three years since the station was established only three books have been lost, and these were promptly and uncomplainingly paid for. This is a record as to loss and payment hardly equalled in any other quarter of the city. Occasionally the 'library lady' has to hunt up books in families that have moved. One day she went from the roof of one tenement house to that of another, descended through dark hallways and poked about until she found the family she sought. She entered the room and discovered six Syrian women, all sitting on one bed, all sewing on kimonos. Not one of them could speak a word of English, but all were prodigal of smiles and bows, and profuse in apologies, offered presumably in the choicest Arabic, when the library lady caught sight of the missing book and took possession of it.

The soft, pretty manners of the Syrian girls are noticeable in contrast with the other children of the quarter. Rose, a Syrian girl well known at the Pleasant Place, has been in this country three years. She speaks English without a trace of accent. More surprising still, her mother reads the books she takes out. Both mother and daughter attended the American mission school at Beirut before coming to this country. It is hard to look at Rose and reflect that she is a part of the dreaded Oriental invasion. Her hair is brown and soft, her skin creamy, her eyes large and mild, her language gentle. One would say that her parents were intelligent people, and that Rose was a well-brought-up American child.

Haidee is another and more typical Syrian girl. Red and black are the colors she flies. In three years she will be a belle of Little Syria, and her father will drive acute bargains with her many suitors over her dowry of cash or rugs. She has been here only a year, but she also speaks marvellously good English, considering her time and opportunities. The Syrians are natural linguists.

Right next to Haidee sits little Katie, on whom all the adjectives of an eighteenth century novelist might with propriety be lavished. Her hair is flaxen and silky; her skin of an astonishing fairness, and the color is that of a pale sweet-briar bud. No place but Erin produced those violet eyes, 'rubbed in with a dirty finger.'

One finds curious neighbors from many lands down near South Ferry.

The Sunday Dinner.

(Pansy, in the 'C. E. World.')

Let me frankly own at the outset that I like good Sunday dinners. I was never able to join heartily in that old idea which obtained in some localities that a cold bite eaten almost anywhere and almost anyhow was the proper thing for Sunday. I believe most heartily in making Sunday the best and cheeriest day of the week in every sense of

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL,'

FOR JUNE, 1907.

A GREAT BILL OF FARE.

This month's number is full of variety and of greater general interest than any yet issued. The cover shows the massive monument unveiled in Montreal on May 24, to Lord Strathcona and the Canadians who lost their lives in South Africa during the war. It is full of life and vigor, and will rank among the great monuments of the country. The Canadian public man of the month is the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who, during Lord Grey's absence in England is clothed with all the authority of the Governor-General. There are some first-class snapshots of the Colonial Premiers in England, in which Laurier and Botha figure largely. By way of contrast to the dignified Boer Premier, who now wears frock coat and silk hat, is given a picture showing the general during the war in the rough and ready dress of a soldier on the veldt. One of the most striking pictures shows a London crowd massed on one of the great squares at an open-air meeting. The sea of upturned faces is worth studying. One of the gems is a group of pictures showing the awakening of spring on Mount Royal, showing melting snowdrifts and trickling brooks. Some remarkable animal pictures depict elephants, alligators and mountain goats in unpremeditated poses in the New York Zoo. A model hunting camp and the Cambridge crew, which won the boat race this year, will interest even those who do not claim to be 'sports.' A Canadian has invented a dredge that has been accepted by the government to make a channel the full length of the River Nile, an undertaking that will revolutionize Egyptian commerce. Stromboli has been unusually active lately. A Canadian traveller secured a fine view from a passing vessel. Dr. Torrey's name is now a household word. The camera caught him during his great evangelistic campaign in Montreal. More than the ladies will be interested in the pictures showing the tussle of the 'suffragettes' and the London 'Bobbies' in the shadow of the dignified House of Parliament. There is a page of Chinese famine pictures, appealing in the misery they depict, and a view of the new bridge being built across the Thames. The woman's department, which includes a picture of Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick, consists of timely fashion articles and illustrations and suggestions of interest to every household, including hints on chafing dish cookery. The news of the month is told in paragraphs, and there are several jokes worth repeating.

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the word, a day that shall so stamp itself on the memories of the boys and girls that, long after they have become men and women and made homes of their own, the looking back shall bring thoughts of cheer and sweetness and brightness, and stimulate the desire to create a like atmosphere in their own homes. At the same time, I am fully of the belief that habitually to remain at home on Sunday morning for the purpose of preparing the family dinner is neither wise nor right.

The question to be considered is, Can these two beliefs be made to harmonize?

I want to forestall contrary opinions by making haste to say that my early years were spent in a home where this was done. I can hardly conceive of the possibility that the dear mother whose memory I cherish should stay at home from church to get dinner. Even when the family was large, and I, the youngest of the flock, must have been a trial to the family nerves in church, we were always there. Yet, all through the years of home life and all through the many years that have intervened since the old home was broken up, I find myself looking back and saying: 'What good times we used to have at our Sunday dinner-table!'

Since I left the old home it has been my pleasure to see many others that were managed, so far as Sundays are concerned, much as my own was, and I have given them careful study. I believe the secret of success lies in large measure in two words,—knowledge and adaptability,—the knowledge of what dishes are not injured, but are even in some instances improved, by being prepared the day before and 'warmed over' for Sunday, and patience to study the special tastes of each member of the family, and adapt the Sunday bill of fare to them.

There are a great many of the masculine gender who have a horror of those words 'warmed over.' To them, it simply means, as one friend of mine expressed it, 'mussy odds and ends.' Bless his heart! Very often in the season when poultry was cheap did our Sunday dinner consist of roast turkey and all the accessories. The turkey was prepared and cooked the day before, and arranged all ready to be popped into the oven when we came home from church, to heat itself thoroughly through and come to the table looking precisely as if it had been roasting the regulation four hours. Of course the cranberry sauce and the pumpkin-pies were all ready; but so, also, was the delicious succotash and the Indian pudding, made on Saturday, and needing only a few minutes' warming. Yes, even the boiled onions, all the better for having been boiled the day before and being warmed over in a little creamy milk. I have done the work myself too many times not to be sure that I am right.

Selected Recipes.

BAKED ASPARAGUS.—Boil the asparagus until tender; cut in small pieces and put in a well-buttered deep pie plate. Break several eggs on top. Dot the eggs with bits of butter and sprinkle with salt and a bit of pepper. Bake in a hot oven until the eggs are cooked and serve at once.

CRESS SANDWICHES.—Spread thin slices of good bread with butter (the bread must be at least twenty-four hours old to make good sandwiches); have ready plenty of fresh, crisp watercress thoroughly washed and dried; spread your buttered slices of bread lightly with a sour salad dressing, and place small bits of cress all over it; then lay on the other slice of bread, and cut it in small fancy shapes.

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If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

For the Busy Mother.

In ordering patterns from catalogue, please quote page of catalogue as well as number of pattern, and size.

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NO. 5773.—GIRLS' SUSPENDER DRESS.

Suspender effects are much favored for little girls this season, and when made in the daintily colored linens or light-weight woollens, and worn over a sheer waist guimpe they are very pretty. This one is a desirable model for the home dressmaker. The waist is mounted on a fitted lining, and full length and elbow sleeves are both provided for. The full skirt may be joined to the waist, or it may simply be attached to the suspender portion to be worn with different guimpes. Linen, pique, challies, albatross, delaine and gingham are all suitable to the design. For a girl of eight years 3 1-2 yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

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Correct speech is largely a matter of imitation. If the persons with whom a child constantly associates speak inelegantly the child will certainly do likewise. No amount of instruction in grammar, the theory of language, will avail to counteract the debasing effect of practical tuition in the wrong direction. There is no such word in the English language as 'ain't.' We may say 'I'm not' because we merely eliminate the a in am, but 'ain't has no legitimate progenitor. The home is the true school of speech, and the mother the teacher whose influence will be the most lasting.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

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